

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

Marble Hill, Missouri, Thursday, April 7, 1898.

No. 47.

The columns of THE PRESS are always free
to the people of the county for the discussion
of questions of local interest.

Announcements.
We are authorized to announce HON. WILLARD D. VANDIVER of Cape Girardeau county as a candidate for re-election to congress from this, the Fourteenth congressional district, subject to the action of the democratic congressional convention.

We are authorized to announce HON. MERRILL PIPKIN of St. Francois county as a candidate for judge of the Twenty-seventh judicial circuit, subject to the action of the democratic judicial convention.

MONDAY'S Globe-Democrat says: Minister Woodford cables from Madrid a message of the most pacificatory character. Its tenor relieved the tension at Washington and is said to confirm Spanish legislation declarations that Spain desires to avoid hostilities.

President McKinley worked all day Sunday on his forthcoming message, which Judge Day says will be submitted to congress Tuesday.

Message will be long and will review every phase of the Cuban situation.

It will not recommend armed intervention, but probably tell congress that the time has come to intervene.

Temper of congress changing. Reed is willing to permit full debate and the prospect is that a final vote will not be taken for several days.

The Pope is in communication with Washington and using all his influence to bring about the concessions at Madrid that will avoid war.

From the latest papers we are led to believe the following resolution, introduced by Senator Foraker of Ohio, have been or will be adopted by congress—provided Reed does not muzzle the republicans in the house:

Be it resolved by the senate and the house of representatives of the United States of America:
1. That the people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.
2. That the government of the United States hereby recognizes the republic of Cuba as the true and lawful government of that island.
3. That the war in progress against Cuba is so destructive of the commercial and property interests of the United States, and so cruel, barbarous and inhuman in its character as to make it the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States do hereby demand, that she at once withdraw her land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.
4. President of the United States be and hereby is authorized, empowered and directed to use, if necessary, the entire land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect.

The Mississippi is again on the rampage and if the rains continue much suffering as well as great damage to property will result.

The Press is in receipt of the program and an invitation to attend the twenty-second annual meeting of Southeast Missouri Medical Association, to be held at Cape Girardeau May 3, 4 and 5.

At Bird's Point, Mo., the whole town is practically under water, and many of the inhabitants, compelled to leave their homes by the encroaching water, are living in box cars. The Iron Mountain tracks are under water, so they have been abandoned, and all traffic is kept up over the Cotton Belt track.

This, from Dunklin News, is a specimen of the jokes they get off down in that independent state: "No man ever ran for congress in this district with better encouragement or more flattering prospects of success than C. P. Hawkins." Honest, boys, we came up with these few lines in the Dunklin News and we have no doubt the "editor" has been fanning himself ever since he perpetrated them.

Not a great while ago the Jackson Herald was accusing Pigg of the Farmington News (Times, it said) of being a "hog" for appropriating items and failing to give the proper credit. We have been "keeping cases" on the Herald since then and have concluded that it is rather an admirer of Pigg's style of gathering news. At any rate, it should say so if it has a local newsgatherer in neighboring towns.

A Republic dispatch of the 3d inst. from Girard, Illinois, says: A break in the north levee, above Shawneetown, followed by a cloud-burst and storm, inundated that town to the depth of 10 to 20 feet. It happened late this afternoon and in a few minutes after the town was under water. It is estimated that 250 lives were lost in the flood. The property loss will be enormous, very few bodies have yet been rescued. Relief steamers have been sent with supplies from Evansville, Ind. Towns below Shawneetown

have been notified to look out for bodies.

The democratic primary election in Stoddard county last Saturday resulted in naming the following nominees for county offices. Representative, W. J. Ward; Thomas Connelly, probate judge; J. A. Evans, sheriff; J. W. Farris, prosecuting attorney; A. L. Hart, collector; Asa Norman, recorder; Thomas Ezell, circuit clerk; J. N. Panch, county clerk; Geo. H. Crosser, treasurer; W. P. Moore, presiding judge of the county court; G. W. McDavid, associate judge from the first district, and Edward Weber from the second district. A large vote was polled.

T. E. SPENCER of Marshall, Mo., is a candidate for State superintendent of public schools. Mr. Spencer stands high in the estimation of his neighbors, is superintendent of schools in his county and is fully endorsed as a gentleman of education. Regarding his candidacy the Gallatin Democrat says: "Prof. T. E. Spencer, superintendent of the public schools at Marshall, and one of the school book commissioners appointed by Governor Stephens, is a candidate for the democratic nomination for state superintendent of schools. A close personal acquaintance of a dozen years with Prof. Spencer warrants us in saying that he is a man in every way qualified to discharge the duties of the office he seeks. He is a democrat of the old school and an able, fearless debater, who is thoroughly competent to meet the best of them on the stump."

Judge Fox Will Be a Candidate.
The Madison County Democrat says: It is now definitely announced that Judge James D. Fox is a candidate for judge of the Twenty-seventh judicial circuit. White, on account of poor health, he would have much preferred that the canvass for this office should not have been opened so soon, yet as in some of the counties the meetings are near at hand, he desires through the Madison Democrat to inform his friends that he is in the race.

Judge Fox needs no introduction to the people of the circuit. He is regarded as one of the ablest and most impartial judges in the state. In a period of eighteen years one application for change of venue has been presented against him and this is a record of which any judge should feel proud.

Mark our prediction, he will be a formidable candidate when the convention meets. No man stands closer to the people of this district than Judge Fox.

The Issue That "Dies" and Yet Lives.
We are now witnessing the bi-monthly "dying out of the silver question," as usual, is taking place in the editorial rooms of the platocratic press. It now seems that a traveling correspondent of one of these organs met a man in the road in Illinois and told him howdy, says the Atlanta Constitution. The man howled, and suggested something about the weather. The correspondent, not being satisfied with this, asked the man whether the road led "from here to the cross-roads," answered the man, "but at the cross-roads it branches out and goes every whichaway."

This was more satisfactory, for the correspondent clapped spurs to his horse and galloped to the nearest telegraph station, whence he sent a thousand-word dispatch announcing that the silver question is dying out in all parts of the country. As a result, we find it "dying out" in all the platocratic organs. This "dying out" business is a great deal too numerous to count its anniversaries, and there is no need to go back to history to verify dates.

The silver question was "dead" in 1892, "dying out" in 1894, "dead" in 1896 and "dying out" in 1898. This being so we wonder that the platocratic press concerns itself so far as to keep silver's memory green. It is queer that the editors have never been led to suspect that the whole financial question, which is inseparably connected with silver, gets at least a part of its vitality from the conspicuous manner in which they advertise it.

The fact is, however, that the talk of war only makes the silver question more important. Of all national issues it is the only one that is sure to be found at the bottom of all political discussion. If the talk is about war, you hear the platocratic editors ask with a shiver, "But won't war involve a suspension of gold payments and bring us plump to a silver basis, or what is worse, to a paper basis?" Let the talk be about the prospects of currency reform, or the effects of

the tariff, and behold! our old friend the silver question bobs up as chipper and as ready for a frolic as a kitten.

Does a man want to run for governor? Very well; the first thing he must do is to announce where he stands on the silver question. Does he want any other important office? He must tell the voters how he feels in regard to the re-monetization of silver. This, of course, does not interfere with the regular bi-monthly "dying out" of the silver question in the organs; but it shows that the people are neither dead nor sleeping.

Wars and rumors of wars may come and go; the "honor" and "integrity" of the nation may be talked of by those who wouldn't know national integrity if they met it in the road; sound money may form the subject of voluminous editorial articles, and numerous pamphlets, but the silver question continues to be alive among the 6,500,000 who voted for free coinage. The intelligent white voters of the land voted to re-monetize silver by a majority of more than a million.

Waterson on War.
We are told that Spain's navy is more than a match for our navy, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Granted—in ships. But what about the sailors that man them? We are told that Spain can send a fleet up the Mississippi to New Orleans and another to Boston. Maybe. If they burn New Orleans, when the war indemnity is levied and collected we'll rebuild it, giving every individual claimant a better house than he had before, and if they burn Boston, why, as those Yankees up there like cash in hand, we'll pay the bill in full, principal and interest, and if desired, in gold. We are told that Spain would land an army at Pensacola and march through Georgia! Well, Sherman did that, but Weyler can't.

These are but the figments of the fancy of the timid, or else bugaboo tales of Wall Street and Beacon Hill to frighten children. Assuming that the boys of today are half as good as their fathers were in '61, there is hardly more to fear of Spain than of a lot of buck braves who, armed and provisioned by the government itself, and grow big of heart in the spring, start a raid on Washington. During at least a century the Spaniards have shown no warlike capacity. He was once a mariner. But who can now tell what he will do with his ships? Indeed, Spain is so moribund, so shorn of wealth and power, that, except for the provoking cause, it were a kind of cowardice to allow her to wreck herself by a contest so unequal.

The resources of the United States are so vast that we ourselves wholly fail to realize them. We are masters of the greatest of the perfect system of government. On our own ground we are more than a match for all Europe, still baring England and Russia. We have to go abroad for nothing. Within ourselves we are absolutely self-sustaining. In all mechanical arts and material appliances we lead the world. Our food products are exhaustless. United as a nation no power on earth could successfully come against us. This is not bluster. It is the simple truth and the statesmen, soldiers and financiers of Europe know it very well. The American who disputes it either does not know his own country or greatly overestimates the outer world. Upon the material side we have nothing to fear from war.

What of the moral side, the humane side? Truly, war is a great desolator. It is a cruel, a relentless monster. If we considered it only from the domestic point of view, the cries of children, ringing in our ears, the tears of women, drowning our hearts, the woe of the weak and the aged penetrating our very soul, all of us would be cowards. If we considered it from the human point of view, considering the claims of a common brotherhood in Christ, all of us would be Christians. In that case there would be no murdered shipmates to mourn, no starving reconcentrados to deplore and no assassins to punish. All the world would be at peace. The church bells that ring out good will to man in Tampa would get ready response from the citadels of Havana, and there were never a tale to tell of treachery and famine. Not yet the millennium cometh. Man is still built the other way. As long as he is brutal and revengeful he will fight. As long as he is generous and brave, he will fight. And since he has but one time to die, he is, as a rule, willing, upon what he deems sufficient cause to risk his one life upon the hazard of the single certainty that arrives, soon or late, to all. No man who knows what war is would halt it with pleasure, or welcome it as a friend. God forbid! But God forbid that the people of the United States permit these atrocities in Cuba to continue a day longer than we can get there with ships enough to put a stop to them forever!

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury entered an east end church one night, and standing in a back pew joined in the singing of a "Miserere" and "Sanctus." Next to him stood a working man who was singing lustily in tune. The bishop sang lustily, too, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then nudging the bishop, said in a whisper: "Here, dry up, mister, you're spoiling the show!"

In the Wreckage of the Maine.
In the farm-lands or the city
Grieves a woman—sad—alone;
'Neath God's everlasting pity
She is weeping for her own.
Cabinets have tolled and wrangled,
Statesmen could not soothe her pain—
For that weary heart is tangled
In the wreckage of the Maine.

Through the golden halls of fashion
Moves a lady tall and fair;
Round her gleam the flames of passion
On the soft, magnetic air.
Suitsors bow and bend before her,
But their wives are all in vain;
She is thinking of a lover
In the wreckage of the Maine.

On a cot, the sailor lying
Keets his soul in silent prayer;
Through the long days he is dying
But his tears are falling there
For the gallant fellow-seamen
Who will rest, while Time shall reign,
In that sepulchre of freedom,
'Neath the wreckage of the Maine.

On a continent of splendor
Is a nation calmly grand—
Freedom's natural defender
Honest labor's helping hand,
And it speaks, half-kind, half cruel:
'Liberty, O haughty Spain,
Soon may grasp another jewel
From the wreckage of the Maine!"

—Will Carleton, in Every Where for April.

Tuesday's Globe-Democrat says: Mr. McKinley will recommend intervention in Cuba in his forthcoming communication to congress. He will not, however, say armed intervention, and he hopes that congress will not at present say it. Committees of the house and senate and the executive agreeing upon a line of action.

Contingent on the national legislature, which may precipitate the country into war.

Arbitration, mediation nor autonomy will be mentioned in the president's message.

President will ask congress to intervene with force when, in his judgment, he deems the time proper.

Disposition of congress to insist upon the recognition of the independence of Cuba.

Chief executive may yet have to yield to congressional pressure.

Maine matter to be treated in vigorous fashion in the message.

Anxiously awaited document to go to congress probably Wednesday, and certainly on Thursday.

Are Americans Wasteful?
Most of our European visitors seem to think that wastefulness is one of our main characteristics. Only some few days ago Dr. John Watson, celebrated Scotch author, in giving his impressions of our people stated that he had yet to learn the first principles of economy in household matters.

We may perhaps, merit this fling. In household matters we are not as economic as we ought to be. Every day we throw away rich food products which we could utilize in some way, if we only possessed the secret of economy which is practiced in European households. But while we may be wasteful in this one respect, it does not follow that in others we are wasteful also; nor is such true. Indeed, the splendid growth which we have measured along industrial lines within the past few years proves unmistakably that we have not ignored the small economies. In this connection it is pertinent to quote the views of one of our recent French visitors. Says this candid critic: "The attention paid to small details in your big works is amazing to me. I have visited some establishments where I believe the profits are not made in the manufacture proper, but in the saving material and labor by close attention to details. For example, I saw in your shops just now a little grindstone operating, automatically sharpening tools. This machine probably cost as much as one hundred of our ordinary grindstones, but it automatically grinds all the tools for three hundred high-priced mechanics. The skilled mechanics in our country frequently stop their regular work to grind their own tools, and then do it imperfectly." So, from the testimony of this candid Frenchman, it appears that Americans are not wasteful in all respects at least.

If time could be given to the subject it might be shown that Americans lead the world in most of the economies upon which success depends, but for present purposes the above citation is sufficient.

The Development of Alaska.
While the reputed wealth of the Klondike region may prove fabulous, still the flows of immigration which are tiding steadily in that direction may bring about in time the subjugation and development of the great northwestern area of the continent.

This supposition is not without its warrant in the past history of our government. The discovery of gold was made in California some fifty years ago the pioneers of civilization had barely commenced to penetrate the austere solitude which brooded over the entire west. Thousands who set out for the California gold mines met with bitter failure. Instead of finding the yellow metal in abundance, they found only want and misery and destitution. But from the fountain springs of restless and adventurous life which the discovery of gold brought to the Pacific coast, has sprung the present civilization of that vast domain. To day the western area of the continent is the teeming abode of culture, enterprise and life.

What the discovery of gold has

wrought for the Pacific coast, may it not also in time perform for the undeveloped territory of Alaska?

Home-Made Philosophy.

The bull frog does his whole duty, day after day and week after week, without the promise of reward, or the hope of wearin' a medal. God bless his simplicity.

Nothing is so much accord with nature as utility. The cow that kin make her stomach digest buckwheat straw, when there's nothin' better in sight, is a natural philosopher.

Never give up a fight. Hard cider kin fight better after it is down, than it can when the farmer puts the price up so high that the boys can't reach it.

Men who have no self command are capable of fulfillin' their duty toward society. The man who can't drive a hog over the same hole in the fence it crawled through, without losin' his temper and a copious wad of profanity, would shock the bull community if there were two hogs, instead of one, and his dog was helpin' him do it.

The wrongs we inflict upon our neighbor fuller us like our shadow. The boy whose shirt we use to tie in knots finally grows so big, and stout and full of vim that he wants to tie us in a knot every time we meet at campmeetin'.

It is evidence of a weak mind to desire impossibilities. The woman who dies an old maid, because she couldn't find an angel or a man to marry, lacks sufficient brain matter to adjust herself to her environment. She often knows by the fragrance of her own feet that she's a long ways off from heaven.—Grit.

The Yankee Sailor.

One of the first productions of the American republic was proud of was the American sailor. Or, as he was affectionately called, the "Yankee tar." It was a very small navy that was set afloat by the revolutionaries in the revolution to contend with the greatest naval power in the world, but it made a great record for sailing and fighting. Our navy has already written a brave story on the pages of our history. In face of our own declarations to the contrary, we have always when the emergency came, ready within the necessary period the ships and the sailors. It has been our habit for a very long time to assert our inferiority, but there has always been a stanch craft to carry the American flag to any point of the earth's surface where honor or duty requires it to go and to keep it flying in honor after it got there.

The United States has a great inland population, dwelling remote from the ocean and its commerce and its life, but the American is never a landlubber. He takes to the sea on occasion, wherever he may have been reared, just as in war times he shows a genius for the artillery. In his country there are lakes, on which navies may perform their evolutions, and rivers where steam fleets may meet. On Lake Champlain the Yankee tar kept up a fire which old English sailors said they had seen equaled only in Nelson's great fight at Copenhagen.

It has been the popular belief that our sailors were recruited from foreign countries, that the Yankee tar, strictly speaking, did not exist, but this is one of the numerous mistakes we have made about ourselves. It was in 1890 that the navy of the United States was enrolled. In April of that year 53 per cent of the enlisted force—7,516 men and apprentices—were described as American citizens. In 1896 Secretary Herbert reported that 72 per cent of the enlisted men were American citizens and 82 per cent of the apprentices were natives of the United States.

From these figures it will be seen that the American navy is more American than it ever was before. The future navy is to be officered and manned from the apprentices who are natives of our soil. Every American sailor is the inheritor of glorious traditions. Every generation of American sailors has proved worthy of its predecessors.

The Deacon on the "Heathen."
"I use ter be a great one for foreign missions," said the colored deacon, "but in de las' two years a change has come over my spirit. You all remember dem silk beavers we sent de beathen ter go ter church in?"

"Yes."

"En dem Sunday school good-behavior cards?"

"Yes."

"Well, sub, w'en de church sent me on as a delicate, ter see how dey was prosperin', what does you reckon I seen?"

"Dunno!"

"Well, sub, I'll tell you; ever blessed beathen in de crowd was a settin' on de beavers, de lak dey was campstools, en tryin' ter play poker wid de good-behavior cards!"

He Won the Day.
"I'm an old campaigner," said the man who prefers a corn-cob pipe to a briarwood to the Detroit Free Press, "I've helped the boys battle in pretty near every state in the union, but the best political speech I ever heard, that is, for winning the crowd, was addressed to, was up in Colorado. The speaker bid'd for the occasion was Dunc Haidley, and he'd rather face half a dozen guns than a political audience. But there was nothin' that could make Dunc run

J. V. SLINKARD & COMPANY.

ZALMA, MISSOURI.

We have a large stock of

Chattanooga and Oliver

Chilled Plows.

Groceries.
At a snap. Don't close your eyes to a good thing when it is offered to you. Our best advertisement is satisfied customers, and we satisfy them by dividing profits on staple articles, which are a daily demand. Will sell you
Arbuckle coffee 10 lbs for \$1. Good green coffee 12 lbs. for \$1.00
The very best green coffee 15c per pound. 25 pounds Arm & Hammer soda for \$1. Best granulated sugar 18 pounds for \$1.00. Best light brown sugar 20 pounds for \$1.00. 12 cans of 1 pound baking powder for \$1. 40 bars of soap for \$1.

Our line of dry goods, hats, clothing, boots and shoes is complete and we are making some very low prices. Ask for them.

We have just received from M. Born & Co., Chicago tailors, spring samples. Order one of their suits and be in style. You need not take it if it doesn't suit. We guarantee a fit.

We exchange anything we have for Produce. Bring us your feathers, wool, eggs, dry hides, furs, and any other produce you may have.

Remember the Place.

J. V. Slinkard & Co.,

Zalma, Mo.

and when he was introduced by the chairman as one of the gamest men on earth and the next sheriff of the county, he came forward, wobbling and white as a ghost. He told me afterwards that his mouth was dry as a load of hay, and that there were cracks in his throat that you could lay a lead pencil in. Of course he had prepared his speech.

"Feller citizens," he began in a voice that startled himself, "when the old flag was shattered and torn—er, I mean when the old flag was shattered and torn by rot and shall—er, rather, when the old flag was shattered and torn by rot and hell, boys, you know what I mean, and what I want. Jine me to Broken-nose Mike's place an' run a torch light procession down my throat."

"The cheers that went up made the next town get ready for an Indian raid, Mike had a rash that cleaned out everything but his mild drinks, and Dunc was elected with nothing but 'scattering' counted against him."

Every woman would be happy if she could get feet to fit her shoes. The average old bachelor would as lief get a garden snail as a baby. A woman doesn't always look in the mirror because she thinks she is pretty; half the time it's to see if you will get off the same old gag.—New York Press.

ZALMA.
We are having some fine weather. The recent high waters did a great deal of damage along Castor and our farmers have a good deal of extra work to do.

Died—An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Bollinger, on the 24th of March, of bronchitis.

G. W. Hastings of Senath is here visiting his many friends.

Misses Louisa Dixon and Lora Goff went to Lutesville on the 25th. The latter went to Fredericktown to spend the summer.

Died—March 25, five miles southeast of Zalma, Mrs. John Boyd, of epileptic fits.

Jacob Berry and Luke Vance of Glen Allen were in our town last week.

Stoke Ramsey has moved his family to his farm that he bought on Clubb's creek from R. H. Greenwood.

A. J. Spear is teaching a subscription school at Greenbrier.

Mark Champton of Houston, Texas, has located in this part.

I noticed A. J. Crouch coming through town the other day just touching the high places. It's an 11 pound, 10 to 1 boy.

Died—On the 2d, the wife of Umph Jarns. She leaves a 7-day-old girl baby.

Ex-Sheriff James Seabagh is here mixing with his many friends.

J. H. Watkins of Cape Girardeau is here trading with the boys.

J. V. Slinkard & Co. will commence building their storehouse this week.

L. B. James was on the puny list last Saturday.

Sam J. McMillin of Buchanan came down here Saturday and returned Monday. I think Sam will be in the race for circuit clerk, if he is, will make an excellent race. He has no equal thing as an enemy in our country, and will make a clean sweep of this part of the county. If he is nominated the man that beats him on the other side will know that he has been in the race.

Harrah for W. D. Vandiver and Judge James D. Fox.

ALLEN ARDON, SCHREFFVILLE.

Not seeing anything in your paper from this place, I will endeavor

to scrape you up a few items.

Health is tolerably good.

The farmers are downhearted, owing to so much rain and damp weather.

James Johnson made a flying trip to Brownwood last week.

Our prophet said that March would come in like a lion and go out like a lamb. He hit it one time—nil.

Measles are making their appearance in our town again.

There is talk of moving the post-office to Ellege's store.

The old inhabitants of Scheperville have dispersed and gone to Clubb's creek and Lutesville, but good citizens are in their places.

W. V. Froman is about blind with the sore eyes.

Sam Baker is afraid he will take the measles.

Wesley Null has one amongst the finest orchards in the county.

James H. Allen, our hen growing man, has twenty books published, entitled: "How to raise geese and chickens"—books to be given away. Address, Coon street, No. 21, Scheperville, Mo.

There is a great need of a blacksmith in this town.

If there were to be a rehearsal of the Cuban question to the United States no one doubts that the decision would be unanimous in favor of breaking the bonds of diplomatic red tape and setting Cuba free from Spanish oppressors.

Champion, that correspondent from Clubb's creek, threw a burlesque at Lewis Null. I want to inform him that if he were half as well respected as Lewis Null he would stand more on a level with the common run of people. He hasn't half the friends Lewis Null has. He also stated that he would be an improvement on our church. I think from the looks of his stumpy beard, and teaching, he would be an improvement on him.

Charley Ellege is one of our hustling merchants now.

It will soon be summer and all the men are gay. "We'll hunt no more for the possum and the coon on the meadow, the hill and shore"—not until fall come again.

Dr. T. H. Bailey is on the puny list, supposed to have the consumption.

The remedy for the tramp evil is as ancient as it is simple. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." When the tramp is required to work for what he gets he will cease to be a tramp. The unthinking people who hand out food and old garments to this class help to vanguardize an attractive profession.

It is better to know nothing and know it, than to think you know everything and be more or less mistaken.

Those people in this country who have more interest in the general welfare than they have in the partisan politics will welcome any proposition that shall refer the business and financial policies of this country to the administration of a high-minded, non-partisan board of specialists, who shall represent the general welfare of all sections. The common interest of self preservation must even compel the people to cease making such questions the football of party politics.

Teachers, let's organize an association, and push the cause of education to the front. Education is a force that is perfecting humanity. Let's arouse an interest. We have good material and good instructors. Bollinger county can excel, and why not?

If this gets through I'll come again. WHOOPDEE!

DR. C. M. WITMER,
Marble Hill, Mo.
Office in Drug Store.

SANDER & SON,
Physicians and Surgeons.
MARBLE HILL, MO.
Office in drug store.

R. W. Van Amburg,
DENTAL SURGEON,
LUTESVILLE, - - MISSOURI,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Bollinger and adjacent counties.

—ALL MODERN METHODS USED—
Painless extraction of teeth. Plate and Crown work at reasonable rates and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Dr. H. L. Cunningham,
Oculist and Aurist,
CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI,
OFFICE IN STROUDMAN BANK BUILDING.
Special attention given Eye Surgery and Fitting Glasses.

W. K. CHANDLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
MARBLE HILL, MO.
Land Abstracts on Short Notice. Collections a Specialty, and remittance Promptly Made

C. P. CALDWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has permanently located at Kennett and will practice in the Courts of Southeast Missouri and the Supreme Court of the State.

HENRY N. PHILLIPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Poplar Bluff, Missouri.
Will attend all terms of Circuit court in Bollinger county.

MOSES WHYBARK,
Attorney at Law,
MARBLE HILL, - MISSOURI,
Office in second story of Dr. C. A. Sander and W. A. Dunn's brick building on the southwest side of the public square.

JOSEPH W. CALDWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Prosecuting Attorney for Bollinger Co.
Office in Courthouse,
Marble Hill, - - - Missouri.